NUMB. LXIX.

The SPECTATOR.

Hic ſegetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
Arborei fætus alibi, atque injuſſa viresſcunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles ſua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, viroſaque Pontus
Caſtorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
Impoſuit Natura locis———Vir.

Saturday, May 19. 1711.

THERE is no Place in the Town which I ſo much love to frequent as the *Royal-Exchange*. It gives me a ſecret Satisfaction, and, in ſome meaſure, gratifies my Vanity, as I am an *Engliſhman*, to ſee ſo rich an Aſſembly of Country men and Foreigners conſulting together upon the private Buſineſs of Mankind, and making this Metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the whole Earth. I muſt confeſs I look upon High-Change to be a great Council, in which all conſiderable Nations have their Repreſentatives. Factors in the Trading World are what Ambaſſadors are in the Politick World; they negotiate Affairs, conclude Treaties, and maintain a good Correſpondence between thoſe wealthy Societies of Men that are divided from one another by Seas and Oceans, or live on the different Extremities of a Continent. I have often been pleaſed to hear Diſputes adjuſted between an Inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to ſee a Subject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a League with one of the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with theſe ſeveral Miniſters of Commerce, as they are diſtinguiſhed by their different Walks and different Languages: Sometimes I am juſtled among a Body of *Armenians:* Sometimes I am loſt in a Crowd of *Jews*, and ſometimes make one in a Groupe of *Dutch-men*. I am a *Dane*, *Sweed*, or *French-Man* at different times, or rather fancy my ſelf like the old Philoſopher, who upon being aſked what Country-man he was, replied, That he was a Citizen of the World.

Though I very frequently viſit this buſie Multitude of People, I am known to no Body there but my Friend, Sir ANDREW, who often ſmiles upon me as he ſees me buſtling in the Croud, but at the ſame time connives at my Preſence without taking any further notice of me. There is is indeed a Merchant of *Egypt*, who juſt knows me by ſight, having formerly remitted me ſome Mony to *Grand Cairo*; but as I am not verſed in the Modern *Coptick*, our Conferences go no further than a Bow and a Grimace.

This grand Scene of Buſineſs gives me an infinite Variety of ſolid and ſubſtantial Entertainments. As I am a great Lover of Mankind, my Heart naturally overflows with Pleaſure at the ſight of a proſperous and happy Multitude, inſomuch that at many publick Solemnities I cannot forbear expreſſing my Joy with Tears that have ſtolen down my Cheeks. For this reaſon I am wonderfully delighted to ſee ſuch a Body of Men thriving in their own private Fortunes, and at the ſame time promoting the Publick Stock; or in other Words, raiſing Eſtates for their own Families, by bringing into their Country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is ſuperfluous.

Nature ſeems to have taken a particular Care to diſſeminate her Bleſſings among the different Regions of the World, with an Eye to this mutual Intercourſe and Traffick among Mankind, that the Natives of the ſeveral Parts of the Globe might have a kind of Dependance upon one another, and be united together by their common Intereſt. Almoſt every Degree produces ſomething peculiar to it. The Food often grows in one Country, and the Sauce in another. The Fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the Products of *Barbadoes:* The Infuſion of a *China* Plant ſweetned with the Pith of an *Indian* Cane: The *Philippick* Iſlands give a Flavour to our *European* Bowls. The ſingle Dreſs of a Woman of Quality is often the Product of an hundred Climates. The Muff and the Fan come together from the different Ends of the Earth. The Scarf is ſent from the Torrid Zone, and the Tippet from beneath the Poſe. The Brocade Petticoat riſes out of the Mines of *Peru*, and the Diamond Necklace out of the Bowels of *Indoſtan*.

If we conſider our own Country in its natural Proſpect, without any of the Benefits and Advantages of Commerce, what a barren uncomfortable Spot of Earth falls to our Share! Natural Hiſtorians tell us, that no Fruit grows originally among us, beſides Hips and Haws, Acorns and Pig-Nutts, with other Delicacies of the like Nature; That our Climate of it ſelf can make no further Advances towards a Plumb than to a Sloe, and carries an Apple to no greater a Perfection than a Crab: That theſe Fruits, in their preſent State, as well as our Melons, our Peaches, our Figs, our Apricots, and Cher-

Cherries, are Strangers among us, imported in different Ages, and naturalized in our *Engliſh* Gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the Traſh of our own Country, if they were wholly neglected by the Planter, and left to the Mercy of our Sun and Soil. Nor has Traffick more enriched our Vegetable World, than it has improved the whole Face of Nature among us. Our Ships are loaden with the Harveſt of every Climate: Our Tables are ſtored with Spices, and Oils, and Wines: Our Rooms are filled with Pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the Workmanſhip of *Japan*: Our Morning's-Draught comes to us from the remoteſt Corners of the Earth: We repair our Bodies by the Drugs of *America*, and repoſe our ſelves under *Indian* Canopies. My Friend Sir ANDREW calls the Vineyards of *France* our Gardens; the Spice-Iſlands our Hot-Beds; the *Perſians* our Silk-Weavers, and the *Chineſe* our Potters. Nature indeed furniſhes us with the bare Neceſſaries of Life, but Traffick gives us a great Variety of what is Uſeful, and at the ſame time ſupplies us with every thing that is Convenient and Ornamental. Nor is it the leaſt part of this our Happineſs, that whilſt we enjoy the remoteſt Products of the North and South, we are free from thoſe Extremities of Weather that give them Birth; That our Eyes are refreſhed with the green Fields of *Britain*, at the ſame time that our Palates are feaſted with Fruits that riſe between the Tropicks.

For theſe Reaſons there are not more uſeful Members in a Commonwealth than Merchants. They knit Mankind together in a mutual Intercourſe of good Offices, diſtribute the Gifts of Nature, find Work for the Poor, add Wealth to the Rich, and Magnificence to the Great. Our *Engliſh* Merchant converts the Tin of his own Country into Gold, and exchanges his Wooll for Rubies. The *Mahometans* are cloathed in our *Britiſh* Manufacture, and the Inhabitants of the Frozen Zone warmed with the Fleeces of our Sheep.

When I have been upon the *'Change*, I have often fancied one of our old Kings ſtanding in Perſon, where he is repreſented in Effigy, and looking down upon that wealthy Concourſe of People with which that Place is every Day filled. In this Caſe, how would he be ſurprized to hear all the Languages of *Europe* ſpoken in this little Spot of his former Dominions, and to ſee ſo many private Men, who in his Time would have been the Vaſſals of ſome powerful Baron, Negotiating like Princes for greater Sums of Mony than were formerly to be met with in the Royal Treaſury! Trade, without enlarging the *Britiſh* Territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiplied the Number of the Rich, made our Landed Eſtates infinitely more Valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an Acceſſion of other Eſtates as Valuable as the Lands themſelves.

Compleat Setts of this Paper, for the Month of April, are to be ſold by Mr. Graves in St. James's Street, Mr. Lewis under Tom's Coffee-Houſe, Covent-Garden; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings; Mr. Sanger at the Temple Gate, Mr. Lloyd near the Church in the Temple; Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Church-Yard, Mr. Round in Exchange Ally, and Mrs. Baldwin in Warwick-lane, where alſo may be had thoſe for the Month of March.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

At the Deſire of ſeveral Ladies of Quality. For the Benefit of Mr. Thurmond. By Her Majeſty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, on Monday next, the 21ſt of *May*, will be preſented a Play called, The Libertine Deſtroy'd. The part of Don John to be perform'd by Mr. Mills, Jacomo by Mr. Johnſon, Antonio by Mr. Thurmond, Lopez by Mr. Bickerſtaff, Franciſco by Mr. Keene, Leonora by Mrs. Knight, Maria by Mrs. Porter, Oſtavia by Miſs Sherburn, Flavia by Miſs Willis, the Shepherds by Mr. Norris, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Pack, and Mr. Burkhead. With all the Original Decorations proper to the Play. And a Dance by a Dutch Skipper and his Wife. And on Tueſday next will be Revived a Comedy (not Acted there theſe three Years) called, The Squire of Alſatia, for the Benefit of Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Croſs.

At the Deſire of ſeveral Ladies of Quality.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, this preſent Saturday, being the 19th of *May*, will be performed an Opera, called Clotilda. Boxes 8 s. Pit 5 s. 1ſt Gallery 2 s. 6 d. Upper Gallery 1 s. 6 d. Boxes upon the Stage half a Guinea. And by reaſon of the hot Weather, the Water Scene will play the beſt part of the Opera.

Theſe Plays are ſold by Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

An Entertainment of Muſick, conſiſting of a Poem, called, The Paſſion of Sapho, Written by Mr. Hariſon, and The Feaſt of Alexander, Written by Mr. Dryden; as they are Set to Muſick by Mr. Thomas Clayton (Author of Arſinoe) will be Performed at his Houſe in York-Buildings, on Thurſday the 24th Inſtant, beginning at 8 in the Evening. Tickets, at 5 s. each, may be had at Mr. Charles Lillie, the Corner of Beaufort-Buildings, and at Mr. Elliot's St. James's Coffee-houſe.

This Poem is Sold by Jacob Tonſon, at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine-ſtreet end in the Strand.

For the Benefit of Mr. Rhodes, at Stationers-hall, on Monday next, being the 21ſt, Inſtant will be performed a Conſort of Muſick Vocal and Inſtrumental by the beſt Maſters; to begin at Seven a Clock preciſely. Tickets may be had at Cooper's Coffee-houſe, Cornhill; St. Paul's Coffee-houſe, over-againſt St. Paul's Church; the Rainbow Coffee-houſe, Fleet-bridge; Potter's Coffee-houſe, St. James's; and at the ſaid Hall.

This Day is Publiſh'd,

An Account of the preſent State and Government of the Empire of Germany: In a Letter to Thomas Foley of Whiteley in the County of Worceſter, Eſq; by M. Le Vaſſor. Printed for Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand.

At Mr. George Holgat's, a Sadler, at the Sign of the Golden Key in Leadenhall ſtreet, is a new one Horſe Chaiſe, with a very fine Harneſs, to be Sold a great Pennyworth.

To be Sold, at a lower Rate than ordinary, at the Queen's Head, joining to the Church Gate in Bedford ſtreet, Covent-Garden, all Sorts of Druggets, Hair and Worſted Camlets, Shaghies, Duroys, Shagreens, Shallonns, Durants, Padua Serges, Shags, Serges, Nifms, Calamancoes, and all other Goods fit for Mens Apparel. The Perſons who now keep the Shop deſigning to leave off the Trade, and the Houſe and Shop to be Lett at Michaelmas next.

At Mortlake in Surrey, near the lower Road to Richmond, is to be Sett a very good Brick Houſe wainſcoated and ſaſhed, with Coachhouſe, Stable, and other Outhouſes. Gardens and Ground walled in, and well planted with the choiceſt of Fruit Trees beſt of Greens, the Fruit being worth more than half the Rent of the Houſe. Inquire of Mr Hart, Upholder at the Three Pillers in St. Paul's Church-yard, or of Mr. James Cooke Carpenter in Mortlake. N. B. The Furniture in the ſaid Houſe will be diſpoſed of therewith if deſired.

An infallible Electuary for Coughs and Colds, which immediately and ſafely cures them to admiration, takes away all Wheezing, Shortneſs of Breath, difficulty of Breathing, Soreneſs or Rawneſs of the Stomach or Wind-pipe; is Healing and Balſamick, and by gentle and eaſie Expectoration, reſtores all manner of diſorders of the Lungs, preſerving them intire, ſound and good, certainly cures even Ulcers therein; removes all old ſhort Coughs, cures the Pathick and Aſthma to a Miracle, alſo Catarrhs or Diſtillations of Rheum, &c. Its Noble Virtues are inexpreſſible, for it effectually and quickly cures all ſorts of Coughs, Colds and Diſorders of the Breaſt and Lungs to a Wonder; 'tis not to be equall'd. Price 2 s 6 d. a Pot. with Directions. Sold only at Mr. Payn's Toy-ſhop, at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard, near Cheapſide.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beaufort-Buildings* in the *Strand*.